[1952, 14 Nov 1932]

THE FINKLSTEIN BROTHERS

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

RACHEL

ALEX

BARNEY

PAUL STEIN
4241 Stiles St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

NOV 14 1932

©aDunpub19652

OUR VOICE:

(A crooning) By Paul Stein

What you say about depression
Every body knows
A very gloomy sombre story
That's the way it goes.
No one to buy ,no one to sell
No hope for better times,
No solution, no salvation
Unless you turn your way to crimes
But there was a clever man
His name was Mr. Hoover
And he invited a magician
And a fameous crooner
Compose a song-he said to him
Present it to the Nation
And the people shall forget
About our dark depression.
But the people said to him
No crooners do we need,
Give us bread, cloths, and rent
That will do indeed.
As for songs we'll do the singing
By ourselves and better.
Once your wories ar/all gone
You sing when talkig-rather.
Mr. Hoover was surprised
To hear such senseless talk
And desperate he turned away
To take another walk.
If you desire all these things
Oh, well, I'll try again,
But the thing you have to do,
Is,- Vote for me- that's plain.
And the people voted , surely
As they only could,
All as one ran to the polls
Surprisingly they stood,
Not for Hoover, but against him
That is what they did
With a president a mummy
Who, had not a thing to bid

Rachel: Don't mind him, Alex. Let him go his way. You are both my sons, it's true, but you are different. Your father used to like you more than him, because you, he said, took after me.

Alex: And you, I suppose, like Barney better, because he seems to have taken somehow after father.

Rachel: A mother likes her children alike. I like you for being settled and Barney for his restlessness. It seems to me that even when you quarrel you are not serious, and just ask me what you are quarreling about - I don't even begin to understand.

Alex: Well, after all, he is my brother and because he is, I don't like his ways; it is repulsive to listen to his remarks, more because of what he says than of what he does.

Rachel: I wanted to ask you, Alex, whether you know the girl with whom he is going around lately. Is she at least a nice girl?

Alex: And what if I should find out something about her? Suppose I wouldn't like her, is he going to listen to anybne? - Here he comes. You may try to find it out from the gentleman himself - who your future daughter-in-law is going to be.

Barney: (enters) It's good I find you here, Ma, I am starved.

Alex: Where is your greeting? Are people sitting here or not?

Barney: Just imagine. People - Mister Alex Pinkstein! Ha! Ha! Say, Alex, will you ever stop teaching me manners? I have no time for your nonsense. Come, Ma, let me have something to eat.

Rachel: Why in such a hurry? Again with that girl? Why don't you take your time? Nobody is going to take her away from you, if she is really worth while.

Barney: Why not? Of course she is worth while. Did my dear brother already tell you some stories about her? Now, listen, Alex, will you ever stop mixing into my affairs? Gee! They don't let me do a thing. As if I am nothing but a little boy! Now, I mean it. Alex, you'll have to mind your own business. Do you get me?

Alex: For my part you can marry her even tonight. I said nothing and leave me out of this. But, if you want my advice, as coming from a brother then I'll tell you to prepare a case of soap, because according to the way she smelled, it seems to me as if she hasn't taken a bath for more than a year. Heh! Heh!

Barney: If you will not stop your remarks, you'll get a punch in the nose.

Rachel: What's that, Barney? What kind of talk is that?

Barney: Then let him keep his mouth shut. She is my girl and I don't want anyone to talk about her that way. Now, let me have something to eat. I am going out with her to a fight. He thinks that all the girls ought to be like his intellectuals. I'll bet, if I would invite one of your prima-donnas to a fight, she would faint. He! He! he!

Alex: Well, the girls I go with would never want to look at your face. To go out with such a cavalier like Barney the world needs such beauties like Jessie,, who bleaches her hair so that they look to every intelligent person like a ball of wool and who tweezes her brows, going over them with a pensil, which makes her look like a monkey; but when it comes to taking a bath, no more time left for that. However, she becomes a modern lady, as soon as she lights a cigarette. Now, aren't we living in a wonderful age?

Barney: Why don't you take a look at your Elena? Hasn't she fixed her brows?

Alex: Elena?

Barney: Why, of course! A style is a style, and she would be the greatest fool not to do it just because you don't like it.

Alex: Ha! Ha! I think I see her more often than you do; still, I would never suspect that.

Barney: Well, take a good look at her, and make sure of it.

Alex: Well, if she does it so artistically that I myself don't recognize it, then she may do it. Here's where the difference is: If one does things intelligently, then they are beautiful; but if one does it in a vulgar way, then it shocks you. It is not what you do, but how you do it. Do you understand?

Rachel: Right! You are my son. I wish Barney would look upon things thex way you do.

Barney: What do you know? What do you mix in for, Ma? That professor talks and she believes every word of it. All the people are fools but my brother is the only wise man in the world. Can you imagine?

Alex: That's the trouble. All the people you are referring to are doing and talking the same things that you do and talk; and you, by doing what they do, only imitate yourself, believing that you do what the majority does. It is of that monkey circle that one has to escape, in order to begin to do things on one's own initiative.

Barney: Well, well, it seems that I'll have no supper here. So long, professor. You too, ma. Next time if you want to give me supper, have your professor

locked somewhere. I like supper without a lecture. Do you get me? Now, do you get me?

Rachelf: Wait a while. There is everything prepared in the kitchen. Come!

Barney: O. K. Ma. I am coming. Step on the gas there, will you?

Alex: Now, you better tell me about your business. I am afraid that you are stepping on the gas there too.

Barney: What's the difference? As long as there is going to be any stock left, I am going to stay in my business. Men still need shirts, ties, and collar buttons. He! he! he!

Alex: But how long is it going to last? Before you look around no one will trust you even with a dozen collar buttons unless you pay cash.

Barney: Then I'll go bankerupt.

Alex: And what will you do after that? Become a bootlegger?

Barney: Oh, no! I'll go into partnership with a friend of mine in some other business. We have invented a patent.

Alex: A patent? Ha! Ha! Amerika.... sweet land of liberty. When will you stop being patented? If an investigation were made at the patent office of America, the longest record of idiots the world has ever registered would

be revealed. In no country in the world have there been recorded so many absurdities, mis-called inventions, as here.

Barney: Well, if you don't like this country, you can move even now. No one is going to miss you.

Alex: If America would consist solely of such clever folk as Barney and Jessie then you certainly could do without me; but, fortunately, there are still plenty of real Americans who do not chew gum and who read the works of Theodore Dreiser, Upton Sinclair and others.

Barney: All right, brother. You read Theodore Sinclair and Upton Dreiser, and I'll register my patent, and we'll see who is going to be more of an American.

Alex: I'll tell you "who" is going to be "who". If American is going to be governed by politicians then you'll be more of an American. If it should, however, happen that America will be influenced by its intellectual forces, then I'll be more of an American.

Barney: O. K. Alex.

Alex: Very well, Barney.

- - - - -